

CAR SHOROTAGE PREDICTED.

Railroad Commissioner C. C. McChord's Letter of Advice.

Frankfort, Ky., June 24, 1907.
TERRY COAL & COKE CO.,
Hopkinsville, Ky.

GENTLEMEN:

Replying to your favor of the 14th instant, I unhesitatingly advise all consumers of coal to lay in a supply during the summer months and thereby avoid the inconvenience which must result on account of a shortage of cars next winter which in my opinion will be much more acute than was the shortage of last winter, unless the consumers lay in their Coal supply as suggested.

You are at liberty to publish this in the interest of the producers and consumers of Coal.

Yours Very Truly,

C. C. McCHORD, Chairman,
R. R. Commission State of Ky.
The railroad and coal operating officials of Western Kentucky have given out the same official notice, and urge us to advise our stockholders, and customers to lay in their coal this summer.

Last winter's experience and high prices, together with the above timely information should be sufficient warning, and we trust our people will take advantage of it and act at once.

We are ready to supply you with coal in car load lots over either R. R. any day "the best coal at summer time prices," and trust that you will give us your orders early while we can get the cars to ship in.

Yours Very Truly,

TERRY COAL & COKE CO.
INCORPORATED.
Hopkinsville, Ky.

A Few Left.

We still have left about 40 copies of MEACHAM'S CITY DIRECTORY of Hopkinsville for 1907, which will be sold while they last at \$1.00 each. It has been eight years since the last directory was issued and the new one will have to be used for several years. Business men who have not supplied themselves, should act promptly if they want one.

weekly Courier-Journal —AND— Hopkinsville Kentuckian

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The Presidential election is approaching. "Times have changed." That is all. Mr. Watterson is a Democrat, and has always been a Democrat, never a Republican. Essential differences out of the way, Democrats are getting together. The Courier-Journal is going to support the ticket. And there you have it.

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MISS ARCHER'S UNDERSTUDY

By CONSTANCE D. MACKAY

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"My luck is so good that I can hardly believe it's true," said Lawrence Foster, moving his chair a little further from the tiled hearthstone where a ruddy fire leaped and danced and threw wavering gleams on the brass and irons.

"What luck?"

"My being able to see you alone."

Miss Archer smiled at him. "Two lumps or one?" she questioned, poisoning the quaint silver sugar tongs above his cup. It was her day at home. Outside a flurry of snow whitened the street and muffled the footfalls of passersby. Indoors a fire burned on the hearth and a tea kettle sang pleasantly over the flame of a filigree alcohol lamp.

Miss Archer dropped the necessary sweetening into Mr. Foster's cup and passed it to him.

"That's one of the drawbacks of success," she observed. "One hasn't time to see their friends—to really see them, I mean. My days seem taken up with a round of rehearsals and dressmakers; and introductions to people half of whom I shall in all probability never meet again."

"And in exchange for that draft on your time and energy you know what it means to be a popular actress in a record-breaking play. Think of the girls who would give anything in the world for your chance!"

"I know," said Miss Archer, soberly.

"There's your understudy, now," Foster went on, "Little Miss Lapham. She said to me the other day: 'I wouldn't have anything happen to Miss Archer for the world, but oh, what wouldn't I give to play her part!' There, you see, is a girl who has never done anything great in spite of her youth and prettiness."

"She is pretty, isn't she?" Miss Archer generously agreed. "Such soft rose-like coloring and forget-me-not blue eyes."

"She is a type," said Foster, "that interests me enormously—Ah, you see my luck was short lived!" as the door opened to admit a number of other guests.

When they were gone, and Miss Archer was left alone, she rose, and leaning one elbow on the mantel, stared reflectively into the fire. She was very tired and nervous with the stress of a long season; for "Deborah's Decision" had begun the end of August and it was now March. Much was due to the play itself, but more to the charm of Miriam Archer whom the public respected as well as adored. And before that public she had been playing for how many years? She raised her head and looked in the mantel's mirror. The reflected face was sweet and mobile and womanly, yet already delicate crinkles gathered at the corners of her eyes when she smiled; and a strand of gray showed in the ripples of her dark hair. Her success had not been won without valiant efforts. The fight up the ladder had been an arduous one. It had left traces that present fame and ease could never wholly eradicate. She had given her very soul to her work, and of all the men she had met and known there were none who had touched her heart.

"None," she admitted to herself with rising color, "till Lawrence Foster came this winter." He was not connected with the theater in any way, and had none of the temperamental moods of the actor, and Miriam had come to rely on his quietness and strength. Though in all their long talks or hasty interviews he had never spoken a word of love to her; looks and tones and a great bunch of violets that came every morning paid her an eloquent and subtle homage. She knew his views well enough to realize that if she married him she might still go playing; he would not ask her to give up her work. A greater happiness than she had ever known seemed to be drawing near to her; for what were applause and favor compared to the devotion of a man like Lawrence Foster!

But happiness, rainbow-colored as a bubble, is equally perishable. "What airy castles we women can build out of nothing," mused Miriam. "Because Lawrence Foster has been kind and charming I at once imagined that he was in love with me, when in all reality he prob-

ably comes to talk about Edna Lapham. He has mentioned her at least a dozen times of late, but the real reason never dawned on me till today. Of course he wants the girl to have her chance, and it's in my power to give it to her—yet, shall I? I had to fight my own way up—why shouldn't she do the same? She is only my understudy, and has no special claim upon me."

Up and down the length of the room Miss Archer paced. Twilight had fallen, and the snow beat tempestuously against the window pane, and an answering tempest beat and stormed in Miriam Archer's heart. At length she turned again to the mantel and to the mirror above it, and looked in it long and steadily. "I'm 32," she said, "and Edna has youth and beauty, and a talent which Lawrence Foster has seen. If she's the girl he cares for it's the least I can do for him—for the man I love!"

A trim white capped maid appeared in the doorway.

"Which storm coat shall I lay out?" she queried. "The gray one or the black?"

"Neither," replied Miss Archer, wearily, "I'm not going to the theater to-night. My understudy will play my part. Of course, Mr. Elwinton, the manager will be in a frenzy about it, and you are to tell him, or any one else who telephones or calls that I absolutely refuse to be disturbed; send a telegram to Miss Lapham wishing her luck, and a dozen American beauties."

"But Miss Archer can't see anyone," protested Felicia, the maid, at an early hour next morning as Miss Lapham, pale but radiant, begged a moment's word with the star.

"Is that you, Edna Lapham?" called Miss Archer's clear voice from behind the curtains of the next room. "Come in instantly and tell



"I Am Not Going to the Theater To-night."

me how things went! What are you up at this hour of day for? It's only eight o'clock and you ought to be home and asleep!"

"Asleep!" the girl laughed. "Why, I couldn't sleep a wink all night, and oh, Miss Archer, the audience—and the papers—"

"You needn't tell me," said Miss Archer, reaching out a quick hand to her. "I can read success in your eyes!"

"And it's all through you," breathed the girl, "don't think I don't understand it—you're pretending to be ill, and letting me play the part! Oh, it seems as if happiness never came singly, and I want you to be the first to congratulate me on my engagement to Harold Harcross!"

"Harold Harcross!" cried the older actress, sitting up among her pillows.

"Why, I thought you knew—" began Edna Lapham.

"If you please," said Felicia, appearing with a huge bunch of violets, "Mr. Foster's in the drawing-room, and he says he's just heard of your illness and wants to know—"

"Tell him"—and there was a laugh in Miss Archer's golden voice. "Tell him that I am recovering from a severe attack of imagination! And that I'll see him in five minutes. Here's where I do the swiftest dressing of my whole career. Felicia, my slippers! Quick!"

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Mrs. McDuff—Because I never see any mice around when I play the piano.

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